Hast thou no Letters to me from the *Frier*?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

Ro. No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I doe remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts a dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouer-whelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a Tortoys hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skinnes
Of ill shap't fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie:

Appo. Who cals so lowd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Truncke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons womb

Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but

Is death to any he that vtters them.

Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretc

And feareſt to die, famine is in thy cheek

Neede and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eye

Contempt and beggere hangs vpon thy

The world is not thy friend, nor the wor

The world affords no law to make thee

Then be not poore, but breake it and tak

Po. My pouerty, but not my will con

Ro. I pay thy pouerty and not thy wil

Po. Put this in any liquid thing you w

And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtren

Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſt

Ro. There is thy Gold, worſe poyſon

Doing more murthers in this loathſome

Then theſe poore compounds that thou

I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me non

Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in

Come Cordiall and not poyſon, goe wit

To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe the

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Law

Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, brother,

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice

Welcome from *Mantua*: what ſayes *Rom*

Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Lett

Ioh. Going to find a barefoote broth

One of our order to aſſociate me,

Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,

And finding him, the Searchers of the to

Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe

Where the infectious peſtilence did raig

Seald vp the doores, and would not let

So that may ſpeede to *Mantua* there wa

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